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TALES OF SPANISH PROVENIENCE FROM ZUÑI.

BY FRANZ BOAS.¹

I. THE HOPI BOY AND THE SUN.

A POOR Hopi boy lived with his mother's mother. The people maltreated him, and threw ashes and sweepings into the house in which they lived. They were very unhappy. One day the boy asked his grandmother, "Who is my father?" His grandmother replied, "My poor boy, I do not know who your father is." — "I want to find my father, because all the people treat me so badly. We cannot continue to live in this place." Then his grandmother said, "Come, grandchild! you must go and see the Sun: he knows who your father is."

On the following morning the boy made a prayer-stick and went out. Many young men were sitting on the roof of the *kiwa*. When they saw him going by, they said, "See where that little boy is going!" One of them remarked, "Don't make fun of him! I believe the poor little boy has supernatural power."

The boy took some sacred meal made of corn-meal, pounded turquoise, coral, and shell, and threw it up. When he looked up, he saw that the meal formed a trail which led upwards. He climbed up; but when he was half way up, the trail gave out. Then he threw more of the sacred meal upwards, and a new trail was formed. After he had done so twelve times, he came to the Sun. But the Sun was so hot, that he was unable to approach him. Then he put new prayer-sticks into the hair at the back of his head, and the shadow of their plumes protected him against the heat of the Sun.

He asked the Sun, "Who is my father?" — "I only know children who are conceived in the day-time, for all children conceived in the day-time belong to me."

Then the boy gave to the Sun a prayer-stick, and turned to go back. He fell down from the sky, and landed in the Hopi village.

On the following day he went westward; and when he came to Holbrook, he saw a cottonwood-tree. He chopped it down, and cut off a piece of the trunk of his own length. He hollowed it out, and made a cover at each end. Then he went home. There he took some sweet corn-meal and prayer-sticks. He carried them to his box and entered it. Then he closed the door. He had a small hole

¹ Collected in Zuñi, 1920, from "Nick."

in the door through which he could peep out. Then he lowered the box into the river and drifted down.

He drifted for four days and four nights, and finally the box drifted ashore at the place where the two rivers join. He felt the box striking the shore, and tried to get out; but he was unable to open the door. Then he took the plug out of his peep-hole and looked out. It was about the middle of the forenoon. All his efforts to open the box were in vain, and he thought he would have to die inside.

In the afternoon a Rattlesnake-Girl came down to the river. When she discovered the box, she took off her mask and looked into it. She asked the boy, "What are you doing here?" The boy replied, "Open the door! I cannot get out." The girl asked, "How can I open it?" — "Take a stone and break the door."

Then the girl broke the door with a stone, and the boy came out. The girl said, "Let us go to my house!" She took him along; and when they entered, he saw many people inside, — young men, girls, and old people. They were all rattlesnakes. They asked him, "Where are you going?" The boy replied, "I want to find my father." The girl replied, "I will go with you; you cannot go alone."

She made a small tent of rattlesnake-skins. She carried it down to the river, and then entered it. Then they travelled in the tent for four days and four nights. Finally they reached the ocean. There they saw a meteor, which fell into the sea and entered the house of the Sun. They asked the meteor to take them along, and in this way they reached the Sun's house.

When they entered, they saw an old woman who was working on turquoise, coral, and white shell. When she saw them, she fainted. She was the Moon, the mother of the Sun. After a little while she awoke; and the boy asked, "Where is my father?" The Moon replied, "He has gone out, but he will soon be home."

In the evening the Sun came home, and the old woman gave him venison and wafer-bread to eat. After he had eaten, he asked the boy, "What do you want here?" The boy replied, "I want to know my father." The Sun replied, "I am the father of the whole world. I think you are my son. When I go into the other world, you shall accompany me." Early in the morning he said, "Let us go!" He opened the door in the ground, and they went out. He sat down on a stool of crystal. He took a fox-skin and held it up. Then daylight appeared. After a little while he let the fox-skin down, and took the tail-feathers of the macaw and held them up. Then the yellow rays of sunrise appeared. After some time he let them down, and said to the boy, "Now let us go!" He sat down on his stool, and made the boy sit down behind. Then they went out into another world.¹

¹ The narrator said it was probably China. From here on until the return of the boy the story is based on Old-World elements.

After they had travelled for some time, they saw people with long ears (*Lacokti ianenakwe*). When they went to sleep, they covered themselves with their ears as with blankets. The Sun said to the boy, "Look at those people! When the droppings of bluebirds fall on them, they die." The boy said, "How is that possible? How can people be killed that way? Let me kill the birds!" The Sun said, "Go ahead! I shall wait for you." Then the boy jumped down, took a small cedar-stick, and killed the bluebirds. Then he made a fire and roasted and ate them. The people shouted, "Look at this boy! He is eating Navahoes!" — "No," said the boy, "these are not Navahoes, they are birds." Then he went back to the Sun.

They went on. About noon they came to another town. The Sun said to the boy, "Look! here the Apache are coming to make war on the people." The boy saw a whirlwind moving along; and when wheat-straw was blown against the legs of the people, they fell down dead. The Hopi boy said, "How can people be killed by wheat-straw? Let me go down and tear it up." The Sun said, "I shall wait for you." The boy jumped down, gathered the wheat-straw, and tore it up. The people said, "Behold this boy, how he is killing the Apache!" The boy replied, "These are not Apache. That is wheat-straw." Then he went back to the Sun.

They came to another town. There he saw people with very long hair reaching down to the ankles of their feet. They had a large pot in which thin mush was being cooked, and onions were tied to its handles. The mush was boiling over; and when it hit a person, he died. The Sun said, "Look at the Jicarilla Apache, how they kill the people!" — "No," said the boy, "these are not Jicarilla Apache. It is mush. I will go down and eat it." The Sun said, "Go! I shall wait for you." Then the boy jumped down. He dipped the mush out of the pot, took the onions from the handles to which they were tied, and ate the mush with the onions. The people said, "Behold, how this boy eats the brains, hands, and feet of the Jicarilla Apache!" The boy said, "These are not Jicarilla Apache! It is corn-mush. Come and eat with me!" — "No," they said, "we are no cannibals. We do not eat Apache warriors." Then the boy went back to the Sun, and they went on.

Finally they came to the house of the Sun in the east. There the sister of the Sun waited for them, and she gave them venison-stew for supper. After they had eaten, the Sun said to his sister, "Wash my son's head." She took a large dish, put water into it, and yucca-suds; she washed his head and his body, and gave him new clothing, the same kind as the Sun was wearing, — buckskin trousers, blue moccasins, blue bands of yarn to be tied under the knees, a white sash and a belt(?) of fox-skin,¹ turquoise and shell ear-rings, a white shirt,

¹ More probably a pendant.

silver arm-rings, bead bracelets, and a bead necklace. She put macaw-feathers in his hair, and a sacred blanket (*míha*) over his shoulder, and she gave him a quiver of mountain-lion skin.

Then the Sun said to him, "Go ahead! I am going to follow you." Then the boy went ahead. He took the fox-skin, held it up, and the dawn of day appeared. Then he put it down and raised the macaw-feathers. He held them up with the palms of his hands stretched out forward, and the yellow rays of sunrise appeared. Then he dropped his hands and went on into the upper world. When he came up, the people of Laguna, Isleta, and the other eastern pueblos, looked eastward and sprinkled sacred meal. The Sun said, "Look at the trails (the life) of the people! Some of them are short, others are long. Look at this one! He is near the end of his trail; he is going to die soon." Then the boy saw an Apache coming, and within a short time he killed the man whose trail had appeared so short. He saw everything that was happening to the people. The boy said to the Sun, "Let me go and help the people!"

Then he jumped down and went to the place where the Laguna people were fighting against the Apache. He told the people to wet their arrow-points with saliva, and to hold them up to the Sun, who would then help them. He killed ten of the warriors. Then the boy went back to the Sun.

They went on, and saw a number of Navahoes who were going to make war upon the Zuñi. He killed them. Then he saw his own people, the Hopi.

A Mexican was playing with his wife. When the Sun saw them, he threw the Mexican aside, and cohabited with the woman. He said to the boy, "I do not need a wife, for all the women on earth belong to me. If a couple cohabit during the day-time, I interfere as I did here. I am the father of all the children that are conceived in the day-time."

In the evening the Sun entered his house in the west. The boy wanted to go back to his own people. Then the Sun's mother made a trail of sacred flour, and the boy and the Rattlesnake-Woman went back eastward over it. At noon he came to the house of the Rattlesnakes. The Rattlesnake-Woman who accompanied him said, "I want to see my father and my mother. After that let us go on!" They entered the house, and she told her relatives that the Hopi boy was her husband. Then they went on.

In the evening they arrived in Hopi. There the boy went to his grandmother. An old chief said, "Behold, a handsome man is going into the house of these poor people!" He invited him to come into the chief's house. The boy, however, replied, "No, I am going into this house." The war-chief said, "We do not want you to enter this

dirty house." Then the boy replied, "Tell your people to clean the house. It is mine. When all of you treated me badly, I went up to the Sun, and he helped me."

On the following evening the chief called a council. The boy went there and told all that had happened to him. He said to them, "You shall teach the people how to act rightly. The Sun told me to instruct you to forbid all bad actions." The people accepted his instructions. They went to clean his house, and all worked for him. The boy gave peaches, melons, and wafer-bread to the poor. Every evening after sunset he gave them to eat. The women would come with their dishes, and he gave them venison-stew and peaches. He said to the chief, "I teach the people how to act. Even if you are my enemy, I must show you how to act rightly."

After some time, twin children were born to his wife, — a boy and a girl. They had the shape of rattlesnakes. The youth's sister used to carry them on her back. When any children saw them and kissed them, the rattlesnakes would bite them, and the children died.

2. THE SOLD CHILD.¹

A poor Mexican lived in Los Lunas. Every day he went out to chop wood; and when he came home, his little dog would come out of the house to meet him. One day he went down to the river. There a catfish spoke to him, and said, "What are you doing?" He replied, "I am cutting wood." The catfish said, "When you go home, you must give me the first thing that meets you."² The Mexican thought that, as usual, the dog would meet him, and promised the catfish to bring him. He turned to go home; and when he approached his house, his little son came out to meet him. The man began to cry, and said, "I must sell you to the catfish. I promised to take you there." He then took his own son and sold him to the catfish for a thousand dollars. The fish took the boy, and they lived together in the water.

The boy grew up. He had no clothing. The fish owned an orchard under water, in which apples, grapes, and peaches were growing.

When the boy was grown up, he travelled up the river under water, and went as far as Albuquerque. There he saw an Antelope-Girl coming down to the water. The catfish said to the boy, "Catch that antelope!" He went out of the water and followed the Antelope-Girl. She ran up the mountain, and he pursued her. The antelope was always a little ahead of him. He followed her the whole day long, and was led far to the north. Finally he came to a prairie. The antelope ran ahead over a low hill, and disappeared from his view.

¹ Heard by my informant from a Mexican in Galup in 1892.

² See Bolte und Polívka, 2 : 318, 516.

When he came to the top of the hill, he saw a large white house. The boy thought, "I have lost the antelope; I think I will stay here over night. I must have something to eat." He entered the house, which was entirely deserted. However, a fire was burning in the fireplace, and the table was set. He saw tobacco and corn-leaves on the table, and he made a cigarette and smoked it. Then he sat down at the table, on which he found chili with meat, beans, biscuit, and eggs. He did not know who had brought the food. After he had eaten, he sat down next to the fireplace; and when he looked back, the dishes had been taken away, although he did not see any one coming or going. When night came, he became tired. He went into another room, and he found a bed ready made. He went to bed and went to sleep. About midnight he awoke, and he noticed that a woman was next to him. He spoke to her, and asked, "How do you come here?" She replied, "I live here. I want to marry you. Ask your parents and your sisters and your brothers whether they will agree. For four nights you may not see me.¹ To-morrow morning you will not find me."

The youth asked, "Who is my father?" The woman replied, "Your father lives in Los Lunas. He has a store there. He sold you to the catfish, and with the money that he obtained he bought a store." And she told him what had happened when his father sold him to the fish. "To-morrow take my horses; they know the way to your father."

The following morning he found himself alone in the house. He looked around. Beautiful clothes were on a chair next to his bed, — a hat, necktie, overcoat, trousers, and whatever was needed. He dressed himself and went out. There he found warm water, comb, and soap, a looking-glass, and a towel, and his breakfast was ready on the table. Outside there was a buggy with large bay horses and a beautiful lap-robe.

After he had eaten his breakfast, he jumped into the buggy, and the horses took him to Los Lunas. There he found his father working on the platform in front of his store. When the buggy arrived, the man said, "Where do you come from? Where are you going?" The young man was invited into the house, and his father asked him what he wanted. The young man replied, "I want to ask you something." — "What do you want to ask?" — "Somebody wants to marry me." — "Well, if somebody wants to marry you, why don't you marry her? I have no right to interfere. You are not my son." — "Yes," replied the other, "you are my father." Then his mother came in, and he also asked her permission to marry. His mother

¹ Amor and Psyche; Bolte und Polivka, 2 : 247, 267; but also 2 : 327; 3 : 114.

became angry, and said, "It does not concern me if you want to marry, you are not my son." — "Yes," said he, "you are my mother." — "How do you know that?" Then the young man turned to his father, and said, "Is it not true that at one time you went to the river and sold to the catfish whatever was going to meet you in front of your house? You thought it was going to be your dog; but your boy came to meet you, and you had to sell him to the fish." — "Yes," said the old man, "it is true." — "The fish has raised me, and I am your son." Then the old woman wept and recognized her son, and his parents were full of joy to see him. They prepared dinner for him; and afterwards they asked him, "Who is the girl that wants to marry you? Is she pretty?" The young man replied, "I have not seen her. I saw her only during the night." — "Is she rich?" — "Yes, evidently she is rich, because she has given me my clothes, and this buggy and the horses are hers. I am not going to see her for four days." His father said, "You must see her to-night. Let me give you these matches and three candles. You must see whether she is pretty or not."

Then the boy drove back home; and when he arrived, he left the buggy outside, and somebody unharnessed the horses and put them into the stable. He sat down near the fireplace. The table was set, and he ate his supper. Then he went to bed and slept. At midnight he woke up, and he found the girl next to him. She asked, "What did your father say?" He replied, "Father asked me how you looked; he asked whether you are rich. I told him that you gave me my clothes, and that the buggy and the horses were yours." The girl replied, "You will see me after three days." Then they went to sleep. The young man, however, waited until the girl was fast asleep. He shook her, but she did not wake up. Then he quietly took one of his candles, lighted it, and held it over the girl, who was lying on her back. She had a gold necklace and gold ear-rings, and rings on her fingers. She had beautiful black curly hair, and she was very pretty. While he was looking at her, a drop of wax fell on her forehead, and she woke up. She said, "Why did you look at me? Did I not tell you that you must not see me for four days? Now you will never see me again, and your house will disappear." He embraced her and spoke kindly to her, but she was angry and pushed him away. Finally he went to sleep.

On the following morning at sunrise he awoke, and he found himself in the burrow of an antelope. There was no house to be seen, only antelope-tracks were all around him.

Then the young man was afraid. He did not know what to do. He did not know which way he had come, nor which way the Antelope-Girl had gone. Finally he started and went eastward. He walked

a whole day. He was hungry, thirsty, and tired. In the evening the coyotes were howling around him, and followed his tracks. Later on, after sunset, wolves pursued him. He took up a stick and tried to defend himself. Finally he found a piñón-tree, and climbed it. There he spent the night. Early in the morning the coyotes and the wolves which had been sitting under the tree ran away. At some distance he saw a light, and he resolved to go there. He climbed down the tree and went in the direction in which he had seen the light. After he had gone some time, he came to a fire. A man was sitting there. It was Distela Glande (*estrella grande*) who was camping there. He had a whole steer boiling in the kettle, and a big trough full of water. Distela Glande said to the boy, "Where did you come from?" — "I came from the West." — "Where are you going?" — "I do not know." The great star said, "You shall stay with me. You shall cook for me and carry water for me. Every morning you must kill a steer, boil it, and fill this trough with water." He gave a piece of meat to the boy, while he himself ate the whole steer, and he drank sixty gallons of water. In the morning he went out. He wore two-mile boots, and with every step he made he covered two miles. The boy staid in camp, killed the steer, boiled it, and carried water. At sunset the great star came back, and found everything ready. This was repeated every day. The great star forbade the boy to enter the house which was near by. After some time, however, the boy became tired, and said, "I should like to know why the star forbade me to enter the house; I want to see what is in it." He opened the door and went in. In the stable he saw a large bay horse, saddle, bridle, saddle-blanket, and saddle-bags. The horse said to him, "Where do you come from?" The boy told him how he had camped with the great star. Then the horse said, "The big star is going to eat you; take good care! To-morrow morning saddle me, and I will carry you away." Then the boy went into the other house to the east. There he found a well of blue lead. Accidentally he put his foot into it, and the lead cut his foot. Then he went out, shut the door, and bandaged his foot.

In the evening the big star came back. They had supper; and after they had eaten, the big star asked the boy, "What has happened to your foot?" The boy replied, "While I was walking, I fell, and the knife and the axe cut me." Then the big star got angry, and said to his knife, "Why do you cut my boy? If I tell you to cut my meat, then cut my meat, but not my boy." Then he spoke in the same way to his axe, and scolded it. They did not reply. He broke the bones of the steer, took out the marrow, rubbed it on the boy's foot, and bandaged it.

On the following morning the big star started out again. When he had gone twenty steps, the boy went into the stable, saddled the

horse, and was ready to make his escape. The horse said, "Take my comb and brush and the steer's stomach, and cut out the lead well and put it in my bag." The boy obeyed. The lead well was like a wagon-tire, which he put on the horse. Then he mounted, and the horse ran westward.

When the big star had gone some distance, he said, "I believe the boy went into the house, and my axe and my knife did not cut him at all. Maybe he has made his escape." He turned back; and when he came home, he found the door open, and the horse and the boy gone. Then he went in pursuit,¹ and said, "If I catch them, I am going to kill both horse and boy, even if they are my horse and my boy." Although the horse was running quickly, the big star was faster, and came near. The boy saw him coming, and said to the horse, "He is coming, he is going to kill us!" Then the horse said, "Throw the comb behind you!" He threw it backward over his shoulder, and at once it was transformed into a large lake. The big star could not cross it, and had to take a long round-about way in order to follow the fleeing horse. But he continued in pursuit; and when he came near again, the boy cried, "He is coming near! He is going to kill us!" The horse said, "Throw the brush over your shoulder!" and when it fell down, it was transformed into thick timber. The big star could not pass through it, and had to walk around it, but he continued his pursuit. When he drew near again, the horse said, "Take the steer's stomach and throw it down!" and when it fell down, it was transformed into rocks and canyons. The big star had to take a long round-about way, but after a while he drew near again. Then the horse said, "Feed me some of the lead." After the horse had eaten it, he said, "Now hold on to the pommel of the saddle and sit tight." Then the horse began to buck, and shot forth bullets, which killed the star. When he was dead, the horse said, "Now cut off his head and throw it eastward!" The boy did so, *and it was transformed into the morning star*. Then the horse ordered the boy to cut out his heart and throw it westward, and *it became the evening star*. The horse ordered the boy to cut out his intestines and throw them westward, and *they became the seven stars*. *All the stars were made out of the body of the great star*.

Then the boy said, "Now let us go on!" After a while they came to a river. There they met a Negro who was carrying a bundle on his shoulder. The horse said to the boy, "Let us kill him!" — "How shall we kill him?" asked the boy. "Ride close up to him, and I am going to kick him." The boy rode up to the Negro, and asked him, "Where do you come from?" The Negro replied, "I come from the king. I was looking for work, but he had no work." The boy said,

¹ See Bolte und Polívka, 2 : 140.

"I am going to the king in order to ask for work." The Negro said, "Maybe you won't find any." — "I shall go, anyway," answered the boy. Then he turned; and as soon as he had done so, the horse kicked and hit the head of the Negro, who fell down dead. Then the horse told the boy to jump down and to skin the Negro. The boy obeyed, and skinned him, beginning at the feet. Then the horse told him to put on the Negro's skin; and he himself transformed himself into an old ugly horse with hanging hips, and blind in one eye. They tied a stone to the Negro's body, and threw it into the river. Then they went to the king's house.

When they came near the town, the horse said, "Go to the king. If he says that he has no work for you, tell him that you want to help him prune the plum-trees, peach-trees, apple-trees, and grapes; and it would be well if the king would allow you to do so." The boy went to the king's house and knocked at the door. When the cook came out, he said to him, "I want to see the king." The cook went back to call the king, who came out. He asked the boy, "What do you want?" The boy said, "I want to work for you." — "I have no work, for I have enough men to look after my sheep, to cut wood, and to do all my work." — "Have you no work at all for me? I am sure you have an orchard with peach-trees and pear-trees." — "Yes," he said. "Then give me an axe, hoe, and shovel. I am going to chop down the trees and spread soil over them, and next year you will have an abundance of fruit. Then you can earn a great deal of money." When the king's wife heard what the boy proposed, she objected, because she thought he would spoil the orchard; but the boy said, "If I should spoil the orchard, you may cut off my head." Then he made a contract with the king, and they signed their names to the agreement. The king gave him a new shovel and hoe, and sent somebody with him to show him a small house in the orchard in which he was to live. His food was sent to him there. On the following morning the boy cut down the trees, and spread soil over them. Then new beautiful trees sprang up.

The king had four beautiful daughters. They had to take supper to the boy in the evening; but the three eldest ones were afraid of him, and did not want to go. Only the youngest one took food to him. The boy lived there for a whole year. The following year the trees bloomed beautifully, and were full of fruit. The king had to pay the boy for the fruit.

Then the horse said to the boy, "Let us go to the king and ask him whether he will not rather give you one of his daughters in marriage than pay you. If he refuses, ask the girls whether they want to marry you."

One day at noon the king's youngest daughter came to bring dinner for the young man. She entered the house, but he was not inside.

Then she looked out, and saw him behind the house, standing near a ditch in which he was washing the Negro's skin; and she saw that he was very beautiful and that he was white. After he had washed the Negro's skin, he put it on again; but the girl had seen him. He went into the house, and the girl smiled at him. The boy said, "Have you been here a long time? I have been outside washing myself." The girl said, "Is that so? Let us eat!" Up to that time she had never eaten with him. She staid there a long time before she went home, but she did not tell her father what she had seen.

Then the horse said, "Now go to the king and offer to marry his daughter." The boy obeyed, and said to the cook, "Call the king." The king came out, and asked him, "What do you want, my boy?" The boy replied, "I want to marry one of your daughters." The king laughed, and said, "My daughters do not want to marry you." — "Maybe one of them wants me, anyway. If one of them will marry me, you do not have to pay me for the fruits in your garden." The king said, "Let me try! but I am sure they will refuse you." Then he called the eldest one. He said, "Inezelita, come out!" She came, and asked, "What do you want, father?" The king said, "Do you want to marry this man?" She laughed, and slammed the door and went in. The boy said, "Try the next one." Then the king called her, and said, "Ancelina, come out!" She came out, and asked, "Father, what do you want?" The king asked, "Do you want to marry this man?" She became angry, and said, "I do not want to have such a man for my husband," slammed the door, and went in. — "Well," said he, "ask the next one." — "I am sure she does not want to." — "Try it, anyway." The king called her, and said, "Ancalina, come out!" She came. "What do you want, father?" — "Will you marry this man?" — "No," she said, "I do not want to have an ugly husband," slammed the door, and went in. "Now, I have one more daughter. She is the prettiest one. I am sure she does not want you." — "Try it, anyway." Then the king called, "Angelina, come out!" — "Father, what do you want?" — "Do you want to marry this man? If you want him, take him!" The king motioned to her, indicating that he wanted her to refuse. She, however, said, "Yes, I will marry him." Then the king became angry, and said, "If you marry him, you may not stay in my house." And Angelina replied, "I shall go with him." The boy married her, and said to the king, "Now you may keep all your fruits, and you do not need to pay me." He took her to the small house in the orchard, and there they lived.

About ¹ this time the Navaho attacked the town, and the king's Mexican soldiers were killed by them. The people said, "Tell your

¹ See Bolte und Polívka, 3 : 97.

son-in-law to go to war with us." Then the king sent a letter to his son-in-law, and ordered him to join the army. His wife made cakes and biscuits for him, and he accompanied the soldiers. The king had a number of sons who also joined the army. When they came near the Navaho, the boy said, "Don't let us eat now! Let us eat after we have given battle!" but the soldiers did not obey him. They camped, prepared their food, and ate before they attacked the Navaho. The Navaho killed many Mexican soldiers. The boy, however, gave to his horse some of the lead to eat; and when it had eaten enough, the horse began to buck, and killed the Navaho. Then he jumped down and scalped them. He put their scalps in his belt and returned home. He found his wife in tears, because she believed that he had been killed. He left his horse outside and went in, and his wife was delighted to see him. He put the scalps outside in the orchard, and the people saw them.

After some time the Navaho attacked the king again, and again the young man went to war and scalped many of the Navaho. When he came home, he put up the Navaho scalps, and the people saw them.

The Navaho attacked a third time, and the same thing happened as before. The Navaho killed many soldiers; but the king's son-in-law finally overcame them, and brought home their scalps. The people did not understand how he saved himself, while all the other soldiers were killed.

Finally his people said, "If the Navaho come again and he kills them, then he shall be our father and king." Before they set out to war, the horse said to the boy, "Let us now appear in our proper form! These wars must end. Very soon there will be no more lead left, and then I cannot help you." On the following day, when they set out to attack the Navaho, the horse appeared as a large bay horse with a beautiful saddle, and the young man appeared in his proper form; he had taken off his Negro skin. He had a beautiful mustache. The king saw him, and said, "Since my son-in-law is a beautiful rich man, we must treat him well. Cook for him, and give him the best to eat. He shall be your master." Then the soldiers went to the Navaho country, and there they prepared food and gave him to eat. He gave the remaining lead to his horse, and told the soldiers, "Now you shall see how I fight!" The other soldiers stood there and saw him. The horse began to buck, and killed all the Navaho. Then he said, "Now all the Navaho are dead, and you are saved; and from now on you shall no longer maltreat me. The soldiers said, "Now you are our father, you are no longer a slave." They took the scalps of the Navaho and went home. When they arrived home, he did not go back to his orchard, but went into the king's house and took the king's place, and his father-in-law was no longer king.

3. SACATE CALZÓN.¹

Once upon a time there was a poor Mexican woman who had a cow and a calf. She had nothing to eat, and no clothes to wear. She said to her son, "Sell this cow and the calf in the town." The boy asked his mother, "What shall I ask for the cow?" She replied, "Forty dollars." — "And how much shall I ask for the calf?" — "Twenty dollars," she said. Then the boy started with the cow and the calf.

While he was walking along, he met a traveller, who asked him, "Where are you going?" The boy replied, "I am going to town to sell this cow and this calf." The man replied, "What do you want for them?" — "Sixty Dollars." — "I will give you six beans. Each one is worth ten dollars, so that is as much as sixty dollars." The boy accepted the six beans, and went back home.²

His mother asked him, "Did you sell the cow and the calf?" — "Yes," he replied. "And where is the money?" The boy showed her the six beans. Then the mother beat her son, and said, "Go away! I do not want to see you any more. Now I have nothing to eat, and nothing to live on."

The mother took away all his clothing and turned him out. He had nothing to eat. The boy went his way for three days. Finally he came to a level place. There he saw a bird's nest, and four little birds in it. He said, "I am going to take this bird's nest and eat the birds, because I am hungry." He went along; and when he came to a spring, he sat down in order to eat. High grass was growing around the spring. He tore it off, and made a pair of trousers, shirt, and hat out of it. While he was sitting there, he met God (Liós); and God asked him, "Where are you going?" He said, "I am going eastward, and I am going to see whether the king has any work for me." — "What kind of work do you want to do?" — "I can cook for him, or I can chop wood, or I can carry water, — any kind of work will satisfy me." God asked, "What are you carrying under your shirt?" The boy said, "A bird's nest." — "What do you want to do with it?" — "When I am hungry, I shall cook it, and eat the birds." — "Don't do that!" — "But what shall I eat?" — "Save the birds; and when you reach the king's house, they will help you." Then God took a package out of his bag and gave it to the boy. It contained meat and eggs and bread. He said, "Eat this. To-morrow you will reach the king's house."

The following morning the boy arrived there. He knocked at the door; and the king sent out his cook, who asked, "What do you want?" The boy said, "I want to work. I can carry water, sweep the house, or chop wood." Then the king engaged him. He was

¹ Told to Nick by his grandfather, who heard the story near Isleta.

² See Bolte und Polivka, 2 : 440.

shown a small house in the corner of the yard, where he was to live. The boy chopped wood, swept the house, and carried water, and every evening he went into his house. On account of his grass suit he was called "Sacate Calzón."

When the boy came home, he put one of his birds on the table, and at once it was transformed into a lamp which gave beautiful light.

In the evening the king's daughter sent the cook to carry supper to the boy. The cook took it there; and when he reached the house, he saw the beautiful lamp on the table. The cook had never seen a lamp, because the people used only candles. He went back and told the king's daughter that Sacate Calzón had a new kind of lamp. The king's daughter said to him, "Ask him what he wants for it. I will give him a trunk full of money." The cook went back and asked Sacate Calzón, "How much do you want for your lamp?" The boy replied, "I don't want to sell it." — "But the king's daughter wants to have the lamp." The boy replied, "I do not want any money. I will give it to her if she will allow me to sleep under her bed." The cook went back and told the king's daughter what the boy had said. She replied, "It is well. Let him sleep under my bed." Then she took the lamp, and the boy slept under the bed of the king's daughter.

On the following morning he went back to work, and in the evening he went to his house. He put another bird on his table. It was transformed into a beautiful lamp which gave a light even clearer than the former one; and when the cook brought his supper, he saw the lamp. He went back and told the king's daughter what he had seen. She offered two trunks of money for it. The cook went back, and said, "The king's daughter offers you two trunks of money for the lamp." — "No," the boy said, "I will not sell it, but she may have it if she will allow me to sleep under her bed." The cook went back and reported what the boy had said. The king's daughter agreed again, and the boy slept under her bed the second night.

On the following day he went back to work, and in the evening he put the third bird on his table. It was transformed into a still more beautiful lamp; and when the cook came and saw it, he reported to the king's daughter that Sacate Calzón had a still more beautiful lamp. She offered him three trunks of money for it, but again he agreed to let her have it only if she allowed him to sleep under her bed.

The following morning he worked again, and in the evening he put the fourth bird on his table. It was as beautiful as a gasoline lamp. When the cook brought the supper, he saw it, and told the king's daughter that Sacate Calzón had a still more beautiful lamp. She offered four trunks of money for it, but he did not accept it. The boy said, "I will give it to her if she will allow me to sleep on her bed." Finally she consented.

About this time the king had a quarrel with another king. Sacate

Calzón determined to help the king for whom he was working. He took off his straw trousers and put on good clothing. He said to his wife, "I am going to work for the king with whom your father is quarrelling; and when he asks me, I am going to tell him that I have married the king's daughter, and I am going to stake my life against all his property. About noon I shall stop work, and then you must come and bring my lunch."

Then he went to the other king. He put on his straw trousers, and looked like a poor man. He knocked at the king's door and asked for work. The king asked him, "What can you do?" — "I can make adobe." — "How much do you want?" — "I want one and one-half pesos." — "I will pay you that, and give you a lunch besides." Sacate Calzón replied, "I do not want your lunch. My wife always brings my lunch." — "Who is your wife?" — "She is the king's daughter." — "That is not true. I don't believe it." — "Well, let us bet! If my wife, the king's daughter, does not come to bring my lunch, you may cut off my head, and you stake all your property against it." The king called three witnesses, and they set down the bet in writing. Both the king and Sacate Calzón signed their names. Sacate Calzón said, "I wish my wife would come right away!" and the king remarked, "Don't expect her! At one o'clock you will be dead." Then the boy said, "I wish my wife would come right away, then I should stop work right now." Again the king said, "At one o'clock you will be dead." — "Oh, no!" said the boy, "at one o'clock I am going to own all your property. Your wife and your daughters will belong to me." Thus they quarrelled.

A little before noon the king saw dust of horses like a sandstorm. The boy said, "Here my wife is coming." He washed and cleaned himself; and soon his wife came, accompanied by soldiers who guarded her; and she brought cake, pie, and tortillas; and when they came to Sacate Calzón, they stopped. She alighted; and the king asked, "Is that your husband?" She replied, "Yes." Then she showed him their marriage certificate, and the king had lost his bet. Sacate Calzón threatened that he was going to cut off the king's head. He said to him, "Now in a moment you will be dead." The king said, "I will work for you, and all my property shall be yours."

4. LANCO BLÂLA.¹

A long time ago there was a king (Léya) who was very rich. He had six thousand sheep and four thousand cattle and horses. He had a

¹ Told to Nick by his father's father. In part of the story Nick called the hero "Lâla Blanco," then he corrected himself and called him "Lanco Blâla." I presume the name is a distortion of "Blanca Flor." "Flora" is a girl's name in Zúñi, and is pronounced "Lâla."

beautiful daughter. He said, "If any one can shear all my sheep in one day, he may marry my daughter." All the young men tried it, but nobody succeeded.

The Sun heard about this, and thought he would try. He became a man and went down to Old Mexico. Then he travelled westward; and after he had passed the top of the White Mountains, he came to a spring. There he took his bow and his lightning arrow and shot into the spring. In the fourth world below, his arrow hit some saliva, which was transformed into a person, who came out of the spring and sat down on the ground. The Sun saw him. He was a small dark man, and looked like a Zuñi. The Sun said, "Are you here, my son? I want you to go to Old Mexico to the daughter of the king. If any one is able to shear his sheep in one day, he is to marry his daughter. You shall do so." — "I will try," said the boy. The Sun said, "Somebody shall go with you. Be sure not to eat anything that the king may give you. Wait until you come to a lake in the southeast. There you will find a large white horse which belongs to me. The king's daughter will like to have it. Do not eat until after you have caught the horse and taken it to her." The boy promised to obey. "You must stay there for twenty-five years. Then come back here, and I will send you home."

The boy started on his travels through Old Mexico. Finally he came to a mountain. There he met a mountain-lion, who asked, "Where are you going?" The boy replied, "I am going to Old Mexico to marry the king's daughter. I am going to shear his sheep." The mountain-lion said, "May I go with you?" The boy accepted his offer, and they went on together. After some time he met a bear, who asked, "Where are you going?" The boy replied, "I am going to Old Mexico to marry the king's daughter. I am going to shear his sheep." The bear said, "May I go with you?" The boy said, "Come along!" and they went on. After some time they met a wild-cat, who asked, "Where are you going?" He said, "I am going to Old Mexico to marry the king's daughter. I am going to shear his sheep." — "May I go with you?" The boy said, "Come along!" After they had gone some time, they met a wolf, who asked, "Where are you going?" — "I am going to Old Mexico to marry the king's daughter." — "May I come along?" The boy accepted him, and they went on westward. The boy was carrying some sacred meal. Every now and then he would swallow a little of it, but he did not eat anything else. Every night they camped, and in the morning they went on.

On the fourth day they reached the top of a large mountain. There the mountain-lion said, "To-morrow morning at sunrise we shall reach the king's house." They camped, and early the following

morning the animals called the boy. They said, "Now you must have a name. How shall we call you?" None of the animals knew how to call him. After some time the wolf said, "I shall give you a name. Sit down on top of the mountain! When your father the Sun rises, I shall call you. Then answer!" The boy sat down on the top of the mountain and looked eastward. When the sun rose, the wolf shouted, "My son, Lâla Blanco!" The boy replied, "What do you want? I like that name." Then they went down the mountain. At the foot of the mountain the animals said, "We shall stay here. You go on!"

Early in the morning Lâla Blanco arrived at the king's house. He saw that the people had tied together the feet of the sheep and were shearing them. Some were shearing five sheep, others six sheep. He looked into the corral and saw the foreman shearing the sheep. While Lâla Blanco was standing there, the foreman turned around and saw him. He asked, "What do you want? Do you want some work? What can you do?" — "I can help you shear the sheep." The boy entered the corral, and they gave him a rope to tie up the sheep. He, however, took a sheep between his knees and sheared it. Then he caught another one and did the same. In one hour he had sheared many sheep. Then the foreman went to the king and told him about it. He said, "Come and look at this boy!" The king came, and said, "You are a good workman. You can shear sheep well." Then six flocks of sheep were driven into the corral, and he sheared them. The king asked, "What is your name?" The boy replied, "My name is Lâla Blanco." — "I never heard of such a name," said the king. The boy continued, and sheared many sheep. One flock after another was driven into the corral, and he sheared them all. He succeeded in shearing the six thousand sheep all in one day. Then he went to the king's house. The king's daughter brought him his supper; but he said, "I am not hungry." She urged him to eat, but he refused. He staid in the house, and the king's daughter wanted to marry him. She said, "I should like to have you for my husband." But he refused her, and said, "Wait a while." He said, "It is too warm for me in the house. I shall sleep outside." He carried his bed to the corral, and put it down among the sheep and pigs. The following morning at breakfast-time the people looked for him, but could not find him. His bed in the corral was empty. Finally they found him lying among the pigs, where he had slept. They said, "Get up! Breakfast is ready." He, however, swallowed a pinch of sacred meal; and when the king's daughter invited him to eat, he refused. She said, "You must eat something!" but he replied, "I am not hungry."

After some time the king's daughter asked for wood for her fire. He went out and carried wood for her. He put the wood into the

stove and helped her cook. After some time she saw the people going into the corral. He asked, "What are they doing there?" She said, "I do not know. Maybe they are marking father's cattle." He said, "I shall go and see." She wanted him to stay, but he refused. Many irons were in the fire, and the people branded the steers and marked their ears. There was one wild steer of which the people were very much afraid. They asked the boy whether he would mark the steer. He said, "I can do it." They told him to mount a large white horse and to catch the steer. "No," he replied, "I cannot ride: the horse might fall, and the steer might gore me." He went into the corral. The steer was pawing the ground. Then he talked to him, spit on him, took him by the horns and threw him. He called one of the men to come with a hot iron and to brand the steer on the side. The people became angry, and said, "You branded him on the wrong side. You must brand him on the left side." — "No," said Lâla Blanco, "that is wrong; this side is better." He continued, and branded many cattle. He finished this work in one afternoon. Then he went home.

When the king saw the strength and ability of Lâla Blanco, he wanted him to marry his daughter; but the young man refused. The king said so him, "You must get my white horse in the southeast. For five years I have tried, but nobody has been able to catch it." Lâla Blanco said, "Wait for four days. You must give me one man, who must drive a post into the ground four feet deep, and you must give me a long rope." Then the king bought a long rope and gave it to him. The king's daughter made biscuits, cakes, and pie for him; and she gave him meat and eggs, potatoes and coffee, and fork, knife, and spoon. He took these along. He camped at night, and after four days he came to the lake; and there, a short distance away, he saw the horse sleeping. As he went along, he saw some gophers, who asked him, "Where are you going?" — "I want to catch the horse." The gophers said, "We will awaken the horse. Three times he will run around the lake; the fourth time he will pass close by you; then catch him with your lasso. Stand between two cedar-trees." Then Lâla Blanco made a fire and prepared breakfast, but he did not eat. Meanwhile the gophers made a burrow towards the horse. They came up under him and bit his side. The horse jumped up and ran once around the lake. Lâla Blanco was holding the lasso in his left hand. Three times the horse ran around the lake. The fourth time it passed close to the boy. He threw his lasso and caught it. The horse fell on its side, and he quickly hobbled its fore and hind legs. Then the gophers said to him, "Now you must get its saddle." Lâla Blanco went to the lake, and there he met Old-Woman-Spider, who said to him, "Have you come?" — "Yes," he said, "I want to get the

saddle for the horse." She replied, "Come in here, step into this spider-web, and close your eyes! I will let you down into the water, and don't open your eyes until you get there!" Lâla Blanco obeyed, and he entered the water in the spider-web. Then he found himself in another world. When the spider-web stopped, he opened his eyes, stepped out, and turned to the east. There he saw a large white house, which he entered. In the house was a large white saddle, a white bridle, white shoes, spurs, saddle-bags, and a saddle-blanket and clothing, — trousers, shirt, and hat. He took all of these, put them in the spider-web, and shook the rope. Then Old-Spider-Woman pulled up the rope. When he came out of the water, Old-Spider-Woman said to him, "Now open your eyes!" She continued, "Take this!" When he looked to the north, he saw much gold, which he put into his saddle-bag. When he looked to the south, he saw much silver, which he put into the other saddle-bag. The Spider-Woman asked him, "Did you take everything?" — "Yes," he replied. Then he went to the horse. He saddled it, took off the hobbles, and made the horse rise. Then he said to the gophers, "Now eat all that I have cooked! I am not going to eat." The gophers thanked him. He mounted the horse, and it started running towards the lake. The gophers shouted, "Pull him back!" Then he pulled the left side of the reins, turned the horse's head, said good-by to the gophers, swung his hat, and rode home. The horse ran like lightning. At night he came home. He put the horse into the stable and took off the saddle. Then he went to the house. The king's daughter gave him supper, but he refused it. He said, "I have caught the horse," and told her all that had happened.

On the other side of the street lived a poor Mexican who had raised a pig for his many children. He said, "Let us put our pig into the field in which Lâla Blanco's horse is! The horse will kill the pig, and we are going to get money for it. Then we can buy something good to eat." They took their pig out and put it into the field. On the following morning it was found that the horse had killed it. Then the old man said to Lâla Blanco, "Why don't you put your horse into the corral, so that it cannot kill my pig?" The king's daughter heard his complaint, and sent out to inquire what the trouble was. The poor Mexican said, "Lâla Blanco's horse has killed my pig. He shall pay for it. Where is he? Call him out!" Then they called him out; but he said, "Tell the man to come in." When the poor man came in, he said, "Your horse has killed my pig: now you shall pay me." — "What do you want for it?" he asked. The poor man said, "Five dollars." Then the king's daughter opened her trunk and gave the five dollars to Lanco Blâla. He replied, "No, I don't want your money; I shall pay him with my own money." He went to his

saddle-bag, and said to the poor man, "Five dollars is not enough for you, you need more." He took out two handfuls of gold and gave them to him, and he gave to his children silver money. He said to the children, "Save this money, so that you may have some when you are grown up." Then he turned to the old man, and said, "I know that you took your pig to my horse in order to have it killed. Why don't you come to me and ask me for money? I am perfectly willing to give it to you." Then the man was ashamed. The poor man said to him, "Now you may keep my pig, skin it, and eat it." — "No," said Lanco Blâla, "I do not want your pig. You can skin it, and eat it with your children." Then the poor man went home. He bought beans and sugar and flour for his children. He bought new furniture. He skinned his pig, and ate it with his children.

Lâla Blanco still refused to sleep in the house, but went into the corral and slept with the pigs.

One day another king sent a letter, and asked that Lanco Blâla help him against a giant. Lanco Blâla agreed. The king's daughter prepared food for him. He wrote to the king that he would be there in four days. He started, and arrived at the king's house. The king said to him, "When you go to fight the giant, I shall send my soldiers with you." He gave him six wagons of hay and corn for his horse. "If you do not kill the giant and bring me his scalp, I am going to cut off your head. If you do kill him, then you may cut off my head, and those of my wife and daughter." Lanco Blâla replied, "If you want that agreement, then let us make it in writing! and you, your wife, and your daughter must sign." The king did so. Then Lanco Blâla started with the soldiers. After he had gone some distance, he left the soldiers behind, and camped by himself. Then his animals — the lion, the bear, the wild-cat, and the wolf — came and joined him. They said to him, "The house of the giant is one mile away from here. Tell your soldiers to go to sleep, because to-morrow they are going to fight." Lanco Blâla did as the animals asked him, and after an hour all the soldiers were asleep. Then the lion told him, "Now kill all the soldiers! Cut off their heads!" The soldiers were in bed, always two in one bed. With one stroke he cut off the heads of each pair of men, and he killed all their horses and mules. Then the animals told him to go to sleep. When day dawned, the lion said, "When the sun rises, call the giant." Lanco Blâla started, and stopped at an arroyo. Shortly after sunrise the giant came out of his house. He looked around, and Lanco Blâla called him. The giant tried to find who had called him, and went around the mountain. Then Lanco Blâla called again. The lion spoke to him, and said, "Go a little farther along! Maybe he will see you then." Lanco Blâla went on, and shouted again. He called to the giant, "Come down! I want to fight

you." Then the giant saw him, and came. Lanco Blâla said, "You are a strong man. Let us see who is the stronger! If I am stronger than you, I shall kill you." They began to wrestle. After a little while Lanco Blâla became tired, and called to his animals for help. Then they bit the giant. The bear tore open his side and tried to kill him. The giant said, "You cannot kill me. My heart is in my house. If you find it, then I shall die." The animals went into the house. There they saw a large hammer hanging over an anvil. Lanco Blâla asked the giant, "What is this?" He replied, "If I do not succeed in killing a person who comes here, I take him into the house and kill him with this hammer." He placed a human bone on the anvil and released the hammer, which shattered the bone. He said, "That is the way that I kill people." At another place a large saw was hanging. They asked him, "What is this?" He replied, "If I do not succeed in killing people outside or with my hammer, I kill them with this saw." He placed a human bone under the saw, pulled a rope, and the saw came down and cut the bone to pieces. In still another room he had a large stove. The animals asked, "What is this?" He said, "If I do not kill people before they come here, and if my hammer and my saw do not kill them, I put them in the stove. Then I roast them and eat them. Now look for my heart! If you do not find it, you cannot kill me. The animals looked for the heart, but they could not find it. And he said, "If you do not find it, you are going to die."

In one of the rooms there was much yellow corn. They searched among it. Among the corn they found a coral as large as a fist. That was the giant's heart. When Lanco Blâla took it up, the giant died.

Then they went out. The lion said, "Now go and take all his cattle!" Lanco Blâla turned around, and in a canyon near by he found horses. In still another one he found mules. He released all of these. All these animals were cannibals. He told them, "From now on, eat grass and yucca and brush, but do not eat human beings!" Then he went back to his animals. The lion said to him, "Now we have done our work. Tell us where to go." Lanco Blâla said to him, "Go northward, up the mountain, and kill deer, which shall be your food." — "Thank you," said the lion, and went away. Then the bear asked him, "Where shall I go?" — "Go northward and live on the high mountains, and eat black ants, weeds, and roots." He said to the wild-cat, "Go southward and live on rabbits." To the wolf he said, "Go to the east; kill antelopes, eat their flesh, and drink their blood." Then the animals left him.

The giant, however, came back to life; but he was blind, and could not find the door of his house, While he was stumbling about, he fell

into the door of his stove. The wood in the stove was burning, and his body was consumed. His heart burst, and a large fire came out of the mountain.

Lanco Blâla was riding back to the king's house. The scalp of the giant was dangling from his arm. He travelled as fast as he could. Suddenly he saw the fire from the mountain pursuing him and coming nearer and nearer. He threw a comb back over his shoulder. It was transformed into a large lake, which detained the fire. Gradually, however, it found its way around the lake. When it came near again, Lanco Blâla threw a hairbrush back over his shoulder. It was transformed into a canyon and mesas, and it took the fire a long time to pass these. When it came near again, he threw his sword down, which became a long river. After some time the fire crossed the river too. Then Lanco Blâla said, "I do not know what to do now." Then his horse said to him, "Ask your father to help you." Then he took a dollar gold-piece, wet it in his mouth, and held it up to the sun. He asked him for help. At once a cloud came down; and when the fire came near him, a heavy rain poured down, which extinguished the fire. Then he filled his hands with water four times, and gave it to his horse to drink; and he himself also drank four times from his hands.

In the afternoon he reached the king's house. When he arrived there, he asked one of the servants to call out the king. He said to him, "Here is the giant's scalp. Now I am going to kill you. I am going to cut off your head." He told him that the giant had killed all the soldiers, and that they were not worth anything. The king replied, "I have lost my life." Lanco Blâla said to him, "Now look up to the sun for the last time! Soon you are going to die." The king looked up, and cried. Lanco Blâla took hold of his head. He took a large knife and pretended that he was about to cut his throat. Then the king said, "Wait a moment! Keep me as your slave. Let me work for you! I will cut wood for you and do whatever you tell me." — "That is good," said Lanco Blâla. "Then I am not going to kill you." The king called his wife, and Lanco Blâla threatened to kill her; but she also offered to work and wash for him. She said, "I do not want to die, because my husband is foolish." Then they called their daughter. She wept, and said, "Do not cut off my head! rather marry me!" Lanco Blâla replied, "I have a wife." — "That does not matter, you might as well have two wives." — "If you are willing to treat my wife as a sister, I will take you." Then he took the king, his wife, and his daughter along to the other king's house. He went ahead, and they walked behind him. When he arrived at his house, he took the saddle off his horse, and he asked his new wife to take it into the house. He said to her, "If you cannot lift it, you are no longer my wife." She tried to lift it, but it was too heavy. Then

Lanco Blâla said, "You are weak, I don't want you." He lifted the saddle and carried it in. Then his new wife said, "Let me carry your saddle-blanket!" — "No," he replied, "you are too weak;" and he himself carried it into the house. Then he said to his new wife, "You are too bad, you try to kill people. You must not do so. If a man wants to marry you, why don't you take him? My wife is soon going to come."

Then the first king's daughter, his wife, arrived. He showed her the giant's scalp. She cooked for him, and now he ate. For five years he staid with his wife. Then he went back to the White Mountains. When he arrived on top of the mountain, he sat down near the spring at which he had originated. The Sun came down and asked him what he had done, and he told him everything that had happened. The Sun said, "I am glad to hear this. Now the Mexicans are going to be better. They will not act as they have done heretofore." He took the boy and shot him back into the spring from which he had come.

5. JUAN SIN MIEDO.¹

A long time ago a Mexican priest lived in Zuñi. A Mexican girl cooked for him. One morning after she had prepared breakfast, she called the priest; and while he was sitting at the table with the girl, he said to her, "You are going to give birth to a child." — "No," she said, "that is not true." The priest continued, "You are going to have a wise son." The girl replied, "You are no seer. How do you know what is going to happen?" — "I know it," he retorted. She, however, laughed at him, and would not believe him. However, after a month the young woman gave birth to a boy. She hid the baby in a trunk. Then she washed herself, put on new clothing, and prepared the breakfast for the priest. When the priest was sitting at the table, the infant knocked against the trunk with his feet; and the priest asked, "What is in that trunk?" The young woman replied, "Maybe it is a cat." The priest did not say anything. After a little while the noise was heard again, and he asked again, "What is in that trunk?" The young woman replied, "It is a cat." He, however, said, "That is no cat, it is a child. Take him out!" The young woman asked him, "How do you know that?" The priest repeated, "Never mind! I know it. Take him out!" Then she opened the trunk, and the child was standing there. He looked like a six-year-old child. He was standing, and holding with his hands to the sides of the trunk. The priest said, "You are a wise child." The boy grew up quickly; and one day the priest said to him, "Stand in the doorway." While the boy was standing there, looking out of the house, the priest went quietly up to him and suddenly clapped his hands, in order to frighten

¹ See Bolte und Polivka, I : 22.

the boy. The child, however, was not afraid. "Indeed," said the priest, "he is a boy without fear." He said to the young woman, "I'll bet that he will not have the courage to go at midnight to church to ring the bells. If he does so, I will pay you much money." The boy heard it, and said, "I am not afraid. If I win, you shall give me an undershirt and drawers, trousers and stockings, a hat, and a kerchief to tie over my hat, a mule and saddle, and an axe, canteen, pan, cup, knife and fork, and also give me some bacon and potatoes. If I lose, then you may have all that my mother has, and you can keep the money that you owe her." They made the bet in writing, and signed it. Sunday night the boy wanted to go to the church; but his mother said, "No, first go to sleep, and do not start until twelve o'clock." The boy lay down and slept. During this time the priest went to the churchyard and took a body out of a grave. He carried it up the ladder of the steeple, placed it there, and he said to the dead man, "When the boy comes to ring the bells, frighten him. Do not let him pass." Then he went home.

A little before twelve o'clock the mother called the boy; and she said to him, "Now go and ring the bells." He put on his hat, and tied the kerchief around it. He went up the ladder as quickly as he could. When he had almost reached the top of the church, he saw somebody on the ladder. He said, "Who are you?" Then the dead one let a green light shine from his eyes, his nose, and his mouth, and tried to frighten the boy. He, however, said, "Doesn't that look nice? Let me see it once more!" And again the green light shone from the dead man's face. The boy said, "That is remarkable. How do you do that? Let me see it once more!" He made him repeat this four times. Then he said, "Now go out of my way! I have to go up to ring the bells." The dead man said, "Never mind! I will make room for you. You can pass by me." — "No," said the boy, "maybe you will push me down." Then the dead one said, "No, I only wanted to frighten you; but you do not know any fear." The boy asked, "Who sent you here?" — "The priest did. He told me to frighten you. Come up here! I am not going to do you any harm." But the boy mistrusted him, and said, "Maybe you will throw me down. Come down, or I am going to kill you with my axe." — "Where is your axe?" — "I have it at home." The boy jumped down the ladder and ran home. When the priest saw him coming, he said, "He did not ring the bells. He is afraid. Now you have lost your money." The boy, however, merely asked his mother, "Where is my axe?" She took it out of the corner, and said, "What do you want to do with it?" He replied, "I want to kill some one with it." He ran back to the church; and the dead man asked him, "Where is your axe?" The boy, however, simply took it and cut up the dead man. He merely

said, "I am already dead, I cannot die twice." But the boy passed without hindrance, and rang the bells. When the priest heard it, he said, "I knew he was a wise boy. He is not afraid. He is ringing the bells."

When the boy came home, he said to his mother, "Call the priest, and let him pay us." His mother said, "Oh, he will pay us tomorrow." — "No," retorted the boy, "I want to have the money now." The priest heard him, and gave him the money that he had lost.

When the boy grew up, he said to his mother, "Make some bread for me. I am going out to look for work." His mother baked bread for him; and on the following morning, after breakfast, he asked the priest for a mule. The priest took him to the corral where he kept his mules and horses. He said to him, "Take this small mule. It is the best one I have. When you are grown up, you may take a bigger one." The priest saddled the mule, and said to it, "At noon, when the boy takes dinner, kick him once and kill him." The mule asked, "Where shall I kick him?" The priest said, "Kick him in the testicles." Then the priest put on the saddle, and he gave to the boy a canteen and bread and whatever he needed. The boy mounted the mule, and rode to Calistea Canyon. He rode up some distance, and at noon he started a fire and prepared his dinner. He took the saddle off the mule and tried to hobble it. Then the mule put back its ears. The boy said, "Maybe you want to kick me." — "Yes," said the mule, "I am going to kick you in the testicles." — "Who told you to do so?" — "The priest did." Then the boy said, "Wait until I put on my new clothing." He put on his overcoat, and tied his kerchief over his hat. Then he tried again to hobble the mule. The mule kicked and hit him in the testicles. Then the boy fell over in a faint. After a while he woke up; and the mule said to him, "Now you may hobble me." — "No," said the boy, "you are going to kick me again." The mule replied, "No, the priest told me to kick you only once, and so I am not going to kick you again." Then the boy hobbled the mule. He made coffee and fried bacon and potatoes. Then he ate dinner. After dinner he took off the hobbles, and said to the mule, "Now I am going to ride you. I am tired." — "No," said the mule, "I am going to run into the *arroyo* and throw you. Then you will die. Nobody has ever ridden me." — "Oh," said the boy, "if you try to leave the trail, I am going to beat you with my stick." — "Well," said the mule, "try it." Then the boy buttoned up his overcoat, and tied his kerchief over his hat, and mounted. The mule tried to leave the trail, but the boy beat it until it turned back. When the mule tried to turn to the left, he beat its head on the left-hand side; and when the mule bucked, he knocked it right on the

head. Finally the mule fell down. The boy said, "What is the matter with you? I think you are hungry," and he offered the mule biscuit. But the animal did not stir. The boy said, "It looks to me as though you were dead." Then he cut off four posts with forked tops, and two long poles. He put up the posts, and laid the long poles across them. Then he took the mule's fore-legs and placed them over one of the long poles, and he took the hind-legs and put them over the other poles, so that the mule was hanging in the air. Then he said, "Now I am going to ride you," and he sat down on its back. He made a whip and beat its feet, but the mule did not stir. Then he beat the left side, and the mule began to stir a little. Then he struck again the other side, and the mule stirred a little more. "Soon you are going to wake up," said the boy. "Now, look out!" When he struck the fourth time, the mule jumped off from the poles and ran the whole day without stopping. Finally the boy became very tired, and said, "Stop, you fool! stop! I am hungry. I want to eat." The mule replied, "I am going to run on until I come to a spring where there is nice grass. Let us eat there!" The boy wanted to stop, but the mule ran on, and after some time they arrived at the spring. Then the boy jumped off and started a fire. He made coffee, fried bacon, and ate. After dinner they went on.

In the afternoon they came to a mountain. There he saw a number of Mexican men coming from the southwest. He met them at a crossing of the roads. They asked him, "Where are you going?" He replied, "I am looking for work." The men said, "We are also looking for work. Let us go on together!" He asked them to put their loads on the mule, and they went on. When it was near sunset, they reached the Rio Grande. The men were going to camp there; but the boy said, "No, let us cross the river to-night!" The men said, "No, it is too late." But the boy insisted. Then the men got ready. They took off their shoes and trousers, and began to wade across the river. While they were in the water, the sun set. Meanwhile the boy was still on the eastern side of the river. They said to him, "You are too slow, you will never get across to-night." When it was dark, the boy started. He sent the mule ahead; but since it was dark, he lost it, and was unable to find it. He called the mule, and it answered from the east. Then he said to the mule, "I am not going to drive you across, I am going to ride you across." He mounted, and rode into the water. Meanwhile it became quite dark; and he said to the mule, "Let us stop here in the water until to-morrow morning!" — "How can we do that?" asked the mule. "I am going to sleep sitting on your back, and you sleep standing in the water," said the boy. "Let us do so!" said the mule.

When the boy awoke the following morning, they went on and crossed the river. There the boy saw a white house. The two men

who had accompanied him had gone into the white house the night before. When the boy rode near, he saw a number of people who carried their dead bodies out of the house. They took them to the Plaza; and the boy asked, "What has happened to these people? How did they die?" And when he came near, he recognized his companions. The people told him that the house was haunted, and that whoever staid there over night was found dead on the following morning. The boy, however, had no fear, and rode his mule to the white house. He took off its saddle and hobbled it. Then he entered. The house was entirely empty. He looked around and found a fireplace. The house was quite clean. Then the boy said, "I shall make a fire here, and I am going to sleep next to the fireplace." He carried the saddle into the house, and started the fire. The people in the town saw smoke coming out of the chimney. When the governor heard about this, he said to his *teniente*: "Go and see who is there! Tell him to come out. If he stays in that house over night, we shall have to bury him to-morrow morning." The *teniente* went to the house and found the boy. He told him that everybody who slept in the house was killed; but the boy replied, "Why should I die in this good house? I am going to stay here." And the *teniente* replied, "If you insist, you will be dead to-morrow morning." — "No," said the boy, "I am not going to die." He could not be induced to leave the house. In the evening he fried potatoes and bacon. When his supper was ready, he placed the dishes on the floor. He poured out his coffee and began to eat. Then he heard above in the chimney a noise which sounded like wind. The boy said, "I think a gale is coming up." But presently a man's shoulder and arm fell through the chimney. The boy said, "What does that mean? Whoever has done that?" And he threw the arm and shoulder into a corner, and re-arranged his fire. After a little while he heard again a noise, and said, "Who is coming now?" Then the right shoulder and arm of a man fell into the fire. "Why do they always fool me?" said the boy, and he threw the arm and the shoulder into the corner. He arranged his fire, and continued to eat. Soon he heard a new noise. "Who is coming now?" said he. "Soon we shall have enough people here." Then the right leg of a person fell down into the fire, and almost extinguished it. The boy became angry, and said, "Who is the stupid fellow who throws these bones into my fire?" He took the leg and threw it into the corner, and re-arranged his fire. It was not long before the noise began again, and the left leg of a person fell down into the fire. He threw it into the corner, and re-arranged his fire. When it just began to blaze up again, the head and trunk of a person fell down. The boy threw them into the corner, and started his fire again. Suddenly he saw a large Indian standing in the corner of the room. He said,

"You are a brave boy. I thought you would die of fright when the bones came down the chimney. Other people who see it die." The boy replied, "Well, they must be very stupid." Then the tall man said to him, "Now we will wrestle. One of us must die, and the one who survives shall own the house." The boy said, "Wait until after I have eaten. When I am hungry, I am weak." The boy ate as though nothing had happened; and after a while the large man said, "Are you done now?" — "Wait a little while. First I have to put away my dishes." Then he put on his overcoat, and tied his kerchief over his hat, and said, "Now I am ready!" and they began to wrestle. The man was so large, that the boy could not put his arms around him; and he said, "Wait a little while, I have to stand on my saddle." Secretly he pulled out his little axe. Then he said to the man, "Now I am ready!" When the man put his arms around him, the boy took his axe and struck him with it, and the large man fell. He said to the boy, "You are fortunate. Now the house belongs to you. Here are the keys, but do not open the doors until to-morrow morning. If you do so to-night, you will die. When you are dead, the people will come to-morrow morning to bury you. When they carry you out, the priest will stand on one side; and after he has thrown the soil into the grave, then get up and come into the house through the east door." Then he gave him the keys. Immediately after this a whirlwind came and carried away the large man. The boy sat down to take a rest. Then he made his bed and went to sleep. He slept until midnight. Then he woke up, and said, "The big man is a liar, I am not dead." He went to sleep again, and woke up again before sunrise; and again he said, "The big man is a liar. Why should I die?" He woke up again shortly after sunrise, turned over, and went to sleep again; but when he went to sleep the fourth time, he died.

In the morning the people from the town came to the house, and they found him dead. They said, "Let us dig a grave and bury him!" After they had dug a grave, a number of men came and carried him out. They covered him with a blanket, and carried him to the graveyard. They put the body down into the grave, and threw soil on top of it. After a while the priest asked, "Are you done now?" and the people replied in the affirmative. Then they went away. Immediately the boy arose and ran back into the house. When the people saw it, they were surprised, and said, "Who is this boy running into the house?" He prepared his breakfast, and after that he opened all the rooms. In one of the rooms he found a bed. A sword lay on it, and under the bed was much money, — silver, gold, and paper. Then he opened another room, which was full of all kinds of medicines. He had a small cut on his hand, and decided to try the medicine. He put some on it, and at once the cut was healed up. He went into

another room, and found a bay horse, a carriage, corn and wheat, oats, and a brush. Then he took his mule and put it into the stable and gave it to eat.

After some time the people of the town had a celebration. He asked himself, "Shall I go there?" He cut off his left leg with his sword. Then he applied the medicine to the wound, and it healed up at once. He carried his left leg in his hands. He put on poor clothing. His coat and his trousers were torn, but his pockets were full of money. He went where horse-races and foot-races were being held, and where a cock-fight was going on. "Is there anybody who can run very fast?" — "Yes," said the people. He bet a thousand dollars against the runner. The other man started; and when he was way ahead, the boy began to jump. He moved along in somersaults on his hands and his one leg, and reached the goal first. The people asked, "Who are you? What is your name?" And the boy replied, "I am Djamisa." The people said, "How can we get our money back? Let us have a horse-race! He cannot possibly ride with his one leg. Let us ask him whether he will run a race!" The boy agreed, and they gave him a large saddle-horse. The boy staked all his money against that of another man. The horse which he was to ride was very wild, and six men had to hold it. He took the rope and spoke to the horse. Then he put his fingers into the horse's nose and on its ears, and the horse stood there quietly. The people said, "Formerly, when anybody touched the horse, it kicked. Certainly we are going to lose now." The people told Djamisa to saddle the horse; but he said that he would ride bareback without a bridle, and only with a rope and a halter. He made a noose in his rope, and put it on the horse's neck. He let the rope drag behind, jumped on the horse, which started at once. It ran about in circles, and the boy came back to the people. Then he called the owner of the horse to sit behind him. He said, "The horse won't do you any harm. If it should kick you, I will give you all my money." Then the other jumped on the horse, and the two rode around the town. When they came back, the boy told the owner, "Now this horse has been broken. If it should ever kick again, I will give you all my money."

After a while Djamisa asked the people, "Where does the king live?" One man said to him, "Do you see the soldiers near that cottonwood-tree? The king's house is near by." He went there. When he came to the cottonwood-tree, the boy left his property in the branches of the tree. He reached the soldier, who forbade him to go on. Djamisa said, "I came to see the king." — "You cannot see him." — "Why not?" — "People must pay much money if they want to see him. It costs a thousand dollars." — "Well, I will give you a thousand dollars." He paid the money to the soldier, who

allowed him to pass. In the first room of the house, he found another guard, who would not allow him to pass. The boy said, "I came to see the king." — "You have to pay five hundred dollars if you want to see him." The boy paid it, and was allowed to pass. In the following room there was another guard, who demanded two hundred and fifty dollars; and after the boy had paid him, he came to a fourth one, who demanded one hundred and fifty dollars. Finally the king's cook came out. The boy said to him, "I want to see the king," and the cook went in to call him. Djamisa was talking to the king when he was called to dinner. Djamisa asked him, "How much must I pay you in order to be allowed to eat with you?" The king said, "Fifty dollars." He paid the money, and the king and Djamisa ate together. In the afternoon he said to the king, "Now I must go home, but I am going to come back to see you." The king said, "I should like to know who he is. He must have a great deal of money. He shall marry my daughter." He sent out his soldiers to search for him. Meanwhile Djamisa had put on his leg. He wore overalls, and carried a small bundle on his shoulder. Thus he walked across the street. The soldiers asked him, "Did you see the man who visited the king?" — "How does he look?" — "He has only one leg." — "Which one?" — "The right one." The boy said that he did not know the man. The soldiers went back, and he continued on his way. He walked around the town to his house, and there he staid for several days. Then he went back to the king. The king asked him whether he would help him find the boy, and he asked five dollars a day as pay. The king's soldiers had looked through all the houses in the town without finding the man. Then the king thought, "Maybe he lives in the white house." The soldiers went there. Then Djamisa dressed himself like a soldier, and stood guard in front of the house, and did not permit the soldiers to go in. He asked them, "What do you want?" They said, "We want to see whether the man lives here who dined with the king." — "You cannot see him. It costs too much money. You have to pay a thousand dollars." The soldiers paid a thousand dollars, and the boy repeated everything that had been done to him at the king's house. Finally the soldiers reached him, and delivered the king's letter. He read it, and said, "I do not want to marry the king's daughter." He wrote an answer, and sent it back through the soldiers. They took the letter to the king; and when he had read it, he replied, insisting again that Djamisa should marry the king's daughter. The soldiers took the letter there, but again he declined. The king sent three letters; and when the boy continued to decline, the king finally wrote, "If you do not marry my daughter, I am going to put you into prison." Then Djamisa replied, saying that he would marry the king's daughter the following week on Monday. When the king received this letter, he

ordered the cooks to prepare for a great feast. They killed cattle and made cakes and pies, and after a week the marriage was celebrated. Djamisa took the king's daughter to live with him in the white house. He was very rich. He had many sheep and cattle, and herdsmen to take care of the herds.

One day his wife received a letter from her mother, who had died some time before, and who was now in heaven. She wrote to her that a festival was going to be celebrated in heaven, and she asked her and her husband to come. Djamisa did not want to go, but finally he was persuaded. For four years he and his wife staid in heaven. When he came back, his sheep and cattle, horses and mules, were scattered, and he was quite poor.

6. JOSÉ HOSO (JUÁN DEL OSO).¹

In the evening, in San Felipe, a girl went to get water. When she was at the spring, a bear came and carried her up the mountains to Cip'apulima, where he put her into a cave. The people searched for her, but they could not find her. Her mother looked for her in every house and among all her relatives, but there was no trace of the girl. In the evening her brothers took torches and went to the spring. There they found her water-jar filled with water, and they discovered her tracks and those of the bear. They followed them; but after a short time they lost the tracks, and could not find them again. On the following morning many people went up the mountains to look for her, but they could not find her.

The bear married her. In the morning, when he went out, he put a large rock in front of the cave and shut her in. The young woman was unable to lift the rock, and had to stay inside. After some time she had a child. She continued to live in the cave, and the bear did not allow her to go out. He fed her on venison, and she became very thin and weak. Then the bear said, "I have to get corn and wheat for you." He went to San Felipe, where he took some corn and wheat, which he gave to her. He stole a grinding-stone and a muller, and gave them to her. Then she made bread. One night the bear went again to the village, and stole a jar and everything that was necessary for cooking. Then the woman made stew of venison and corn for herself and her child.

Her son grew up. One day, when the bear was out, he asked his mother, "Why do you always stay here in this dark cave?" She replied, "Because your father stole me when I was a young girl. He threatened to kill me if I did not go along." The boy asked,

¹ Told to Nick by an old Zuñi. See Bolte und Polivka, 2 : 297; F. Panzer, Untersuchungen zur deutschen Heldensage, 1 : 1-246.

"Where is your home, mother?" — "My poor boy, your grandfather is Cazique in San Felipe." Then the boy said, "Let us go there!" — "How can we go? I cannot move the stone that closes this cave." — "That stone is not heavy. I can lift it." — "Let us wait until tomorrow, but don't speak to your father about it." Then the woman made many tortillas. When the bear came home, he asked her, "Why do you make so many tortillas?" She replied, "Because our boy eats so many. If I make a few only, he will not have enough." The bear did not reply. On the following morning, as soon as he was gone, the woman put on her moccasins, wrapped up the tortillas, the boy pushed away the rock, and they went out. They started for San Felipe. When the bear had gone some distance, he thought, "I do not know why my wife made so many tortillas. I believe that she and the boy intend to run away." He turned back, and saw that the cave was open and that they had escaped. He ran in pursuit, intending to kill them. After some time the woman became tired. Her boy said, "Mother, you must go on! Maybe father is pursuing us." He turned back, and saw the bear coming. He said to his mother, "You see, he is pursuing us. I am sure he wants to kill us." His mother replied, "Why did you tell us to run away? Now we must die." The boy, however, encouraged her, and said, "Go ahead! I am going to wait for him here. I am going to kill him." A cottonwood-tree was standing near by. He broke off a stick and struck it against a rock. The stick broke. Then he took another stick and tried it, and it was so strong that it did not break. The boy was left-handed and very strong. When the bear came up to him, he struck him on the side of the head and thus killed him. Then he went to his mother and told her that he had killed the bear. He said, "Now let us go on slowly!"

They went along, and finally they arrived at San Felipe. The people recognized the woman. They led her into the house, and asked her what had happened to her. Then she told the whole story.

The boy was very strong, and he beat all the children. The people called him José Hoso. His mother sent him to a Mexican school. He always carried an iron hammer, which was very heavy. He struck the children with it, and therefore he was put into prison and was to be killed. When he heard that the people intended to kill him, he broke the bars in the window of the prison, jumped out, and ran away. He went far away into another country.

Finally he arrived at a Mexican town. In this town lived a king whose daughters had been stolen. All the people were searching for them. The king said to José, "If you find my daughters, you shall marry one of them; and, besides that, I am going to pay you much money. It is four years since I lost my daughters." José said to

the king, "Get for me a long, heavy rope, and an axe." The king bought these, and gave them to José. The king also gave him food to take along on his travels. Then José went southward. There he met a Mexican who carried wood on his mule. The Mexican asked him, "Where are you going?" José replied, "I am looking for the king's daughters." — "How much is he going to pay you?" — "He is going to give me one of his daughters in marriage." — "Let me go with you!" — "Well, come along! Take your wood home and come back. I shall wait for you." — "No," said the man, "when my mule goes home, my children will unload the wood. I do not need to go with her." Then the two went on. After some time they met a man who also was carrying wood. The man asked them, "Where are you going?" They replied, "We are looking for the king's daughters." The man said, "I am going along with you." The three went on together. They came to a large mountain in which there was a deep pit. Then they cut a large post and tied the rope to it; and José said to the others, "I am going to climb down. You may follow me." He took hold of the rope and climbed down the pit. When he was half way down, the rope was at an end. He was standing on a stick which had been tied to the end of the rope, and he swung himself to and fro. Finally the rope struck the side of the pit, and he jumped off and stood on a narrow shelf of rock. Then he told the two Mexicans to come down too. They let themselves down along the rope, and stood with him on the narrow shelf. Finally José jumped down, and the Mexicans followed him. When they landed at the bottom of the pit, they found themselves in another world. There was a trail, which they followed, and finally they came to a house. They went in; and in the house they found the king's daughters. An old man, Mohapate (Huevos glandes), was sitting there with spread legs. He had enormous testicles. When he saw the visitors, he became very angry; and when they came in, his testicles began to swell up. They became larger and larger, and filled the whole house. He was trying to choke the three men, but José took his iron and struck him with it. Then the man died. They went into the inner room, and led out the king's daughters. They took them to another town. There José saw much jewelry, — ear-rings, chains, and bracelets of gold and silver. The people in the town said to him, "We will help you get some of the jewelry."

On the following morning he started back for the king's house. When he came to the pit, he stepped into a basket which was tied to the end of the rope, and wanted to go up. José had his heavy iron bar, and therefore the people could not pull him out. The two Mexicans said, "Leave your iron bar here! It is too heavy." — "No", he said, "I am not going to do that." Then they said, "Wait down here! Let us go up first!" Then the Mexicans and the king's

daughters were pulled up, and they left him down below. José waited for the basket to come back, but it did not come down again. Then he went back to the city in which he had seen the jewelry, and told the people what had happened to him. The people replied, "Wait! you will get the king's daughters and the money, anyway." They gave him a gray horse and a horn, and said to him, "If you need anything after you reach the king's house, call the horse, and we will send it to you, and also all the jewelry you want. When you are about two miles this side of the king's house, send the horse back." Then José mounted the horse and rode off. When he was near the king's house, he sent the horse back and walked towards the town. He did not go to his house, but crawled into a chicken-coop in which he lived. One day the king questioned him, and said, "What are you doing there?" He replied, "I am looking for work." — "What can you do?" — "I am a silversmith, and I can make jewelry." Then he took out some of the jewelry which the people had given him, and showed it to the king. The king said, "I shall show this to my daughters. Maybe they want some rings and ear-rings." The king gave José silver to make jewelry for his eldest daughter. Then José took his horn and went some distance away from the city. With his horn he called his horse. When he blew the horn, the people of the town in the pit brought him the jewelry. He mounted his horse and rode back to the city. He gave the jewelry to the king's eldest daughter, and pretended that he himself had made it. On the following day the next eldest daughter of the king wanted to have some jewelry, and the same thing happened as before.

The king's daughters were to be married to the Mexicans who had taken them back. The day before the marriage José went home. He changed his clothing, and took his iron hammer in his left hand. Then he went to the king's house. When the king saw him, he said, "You have gone out in vain. These two Mexicans have already found my daughters. Where have you been?" He replied, "I have been at home." — "I thought you went out to look for my daughters." — "Yes, and I found them too." — "No, that is not true. The two Mexicans found them." Then José told him how he had met the two men carrying wood, and how they had gone with him; and he told the whole story, — how he had killed the old man, and how the Mexicans had finally left him at the bottom of the pit. The king said, "Is that true?" — "Yes, your daughters know about it." Then the king asked his daughters. When the Mexicans saw José, they were afraid, and did not dare to speak; and the king's daughters said now, "Yes, he found us, and he killed the old man." Then the king turned out the two Mexicans, because they had lied, and José married one of the king's daughters. That is the reason why Mexicans are always lying.

7. SANTU.

It was in 1899, at the time when the Santu Dance is held behind the church. The chief, the governor, and the *tenientes* were present. The Santu was standing on a table on blankets, and boys and girls were dancing for him. It was in the afternoon, after dinner, when one of the *tenientes* nudged me, and said, "Blood is coming out of the Santu's head." Then I saw how a little swelling appeared at the temple of the head of the Santu, and a drop of blood came out. The face of the Santu changed color, and looked very pale, like that of a dead person. I thought at first that it was no blood. A hole appeared which was nearly an inch deep, and I thought that the paint was coming off because the image had been wet; but I put my finger on and smelled of it, and it smelled like blood. It looked as though the Santu had been shot. I felt very badly. This lasted a little while. Then suddenly the hole disappeared, and the Santu looked as before. He was no longer pale, but had his regular color, and his eyes were quite vivid.

The dance continued for four days. This happened on the fourth day. The following night we were sitting in a house, and were talking about this matter. There were twelve men there, all *principales*.

In the same year, during the harvest dance, the people were distributing peaches, apricots, and other fruits. The people were shooting with six-shooters, as was the custom at that time. Then they hit one boy in the shoulder, and my niece was hit in the abdomen. She died the following day. I believe the Santu wanted to tell us that this was going to happen. Nobody knows who fired the shots. Since that time the officers have forbidden shooting. If a person shoots, he is put into jail.

The Mexicans call the Santu "Santu Linio." If a Mexican wishes to pray to him, the keeper of the Santu has to bring him out. The Mexican may pay him fifty cents or twenty-five cents; rich people, as much as five dollars; or they may give him some calico. This money is given to the sacristan.

During the Santu Dance everybody pays him. The paying is not demanded by anybody; but the people, not only from Zuñi, but also from other pueblos, give to the Santu whatever they like, money or candles. Whenever the Santu is exhibited, candles must be lighted for him.

When a Mexican is sick and asks for the help of the Santu, the sacristan must bring him out, and the Mexican prays to him. The Santu is carried into the living-room, and candles are lighted. The Catholics and Americans do this, but not the Zuñi.

In December, at the end of the year, the Santu is exhibited for eight days in the house. Then the Zuñi make little sheep out of clay, also pumpkins and ears of corn. They bring these to the Santu, and

pay money to him. For eight days these are left there in the house of the sacristan. After this time the people who made the clay figures take them away. They make a hole in the ground, in the house or in the corral, and bury the figures there. Then their corn and their stock will increase. During this time also two candles are left burning next to the Santu.

NOTE. — Nick says that the Mexicans instituted the office of governor, but he does not know the form of political organization that prevailed before that time.

8. THE REBELLION AGAINST THE SPANIARDS.¹

The Mexicans were plotting to kill all the Zuñi on Sunday after church. A young war-chief overheard them, and understood what they were talking about. Therefore he informed the chief, and at night a council was called. There the young war-chief told the assembled people that the Mexicans were planning to kill them. There were forty or fifty war-chiefs in the assembly. They decided to kill the Mexicans before they had a chance to attack them.

On the following Sunday they hid their bows, arrows, and war-clubs under their blankets, and went to church. After the sermon, when the people were singing a Mexican song, the war-chiefs arose. Ten or fifteen of them stood next to the door, and they called the boys and girls, and told them to hurry out of church. When all were out, they shut the door and killed all the Mexicans. One man, a Mexican, ran into one of the adjoining rooms. There were ten or fifteen rooms on each side of the church. The priest was sitting on the altar at the feet of the Santu, and crossed himself. The war-chiefs did not attack him. They tied his hands on his back. The Mexican who had escaped into the adjoining room crept up the chimney and made good his escape.

After this had happened, the Zuñi from all the seven towns left their pueblos and went up Corn Mountain.

When the people of the Rio Grande Pueblos heard what had happened, they held a council. They had learned that the Mexicans were about to send an expedition against the Zuñi, and the Rio Grande Pueblos were summoned to accompany them. One young man, a good runner from Laguna, ran with all speed to the Zuñi who were living on Corn Mountain, and told them of the approaching war-party. The chief of the Zuñi invited the runner in, and gave him to eat and to drink. He told him not to drink any of the water from the springs in the valley, because the water had been poisoned. He also advised him that the Laguna people, who were compelled to accompany the Spaniards, should hold juniper-branches in the mouth, and that then

¹ The narrator, Nick, said that he had heard this story first at Mesita, and then again at a council in Zuñi.

they would not attack them. Before the Laguna runner left, he promised to send word to Zuñi ten days before the warriors should start.

Ten days after this, six or eight people from Laguna came on their mules. They made a camp at the foot of Corn Mountain. The Zuñi chief sent down to inquire who they were. When the Laguna met them, they wept, because they thought that the Zuñi were going to be killed, and told them that the Spaniards were coming with a large army. When the chief of the Zuñi heard the message, he sent word to them, warning them not to drink, because all the springs had been poisoned. Then the members of the Shell Society went into their *kiwa*, in which they staid for eight days. After eight days the Spanish army arrived. The soldiers were on horseback. They rode four abreast. They encamped at the place where the reservoir now is. After they had eaten, they attacked the mesa. The Zuñi defended themselves with bows and arrows, while the Spaniards had muzzle-loading guns. At that time the head of the Shell Society came out of the *kiwa*. He had long hair. He was painted black around the eyes. His forehead and chin were painted white. He had eagle-down on his head. His body was painted red, and white lightning was painted on his clothing. He held a shell in his mouth. He had no bow and no other weapons. He stepped right to the edge of the cliff; and when the Spaniards shot at him, he just blew out of his mouth. Then the bullets could not hit him, and the soldiers tumbled about as though they were drunk. Blood flowed out of their eyes, nose, and mouth, and they died. Only a few were left. Then the Spaniards, with the people from the Rio Grande Pueblos, went back.

After a month they came back again with a new army. The Laguna sent word again, telling them that the soldiers were coming. They made their camp at the same place as before. After they had eaten, they came to attack the Zuñi.

Then the priest, who had staid with the Zuñi, said, "I will write a letter to them and tell them that you have not killed me." But he had no paper and no ink: therefore they took a rawhide, spanned it over a frame, and he wrote on it with charcoal. He wrote, "I am still alive, but I have no clothing." Then they put a stone to the frame and threw it down. A soldier picked it up and carried it to the commander. He read it, and gave orders to the soldiers to stop fighting. They sent a priest's dress, paper, and ink to the father, and asked him to return with them to Mexico. He, however, replied, saying that he could not wear the dress of dead people; that he wanted to stay with the Zuñi and wear their clothes. Then the Zuñi came down from the mountain, and the soldiers went back.